

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING

By W. H. MILLIER

NO sport holds more interesting personal stories than the sport which matches one man, as an individual, against another. And no man alive to-day knows more of those stories of the Ring than W. H. Millier, from whose pen his best will flow for the benefit of "Good Morning" readers.

WHERE do the fighters go in the winter of their careers? Where do flies go in winter time is a question more easily answered than the first.

Most of them just disappear. Some finish in the poor-house, others become bookmakers' minders, a few keep their cash and become fairly prosperous tradesmen, but the majority are just lost sight of in the grim fight for existence of the ordinary mortal.

As to-day is certainly not the golden age so far as professional boxing goes—to-day it is known as the fight racket, and

racket is the word for it—I do not intend to waste any words discussing or cussing it.

"False pretences"

One of the old school of real boxers I often meet summed up the game to-day in a phrase that hit it clean on the whiskers. Explaining that he had gone to a recent show just to revive old memories and had come away with a pain in the stomach, he said, "It's obtaining money under false pretences," and I agreed.

We shall travel back a bit on the road of pleasant memories and I hope to give you a flashback here and there to some of the great fights of the past; to take you with me into the training camps of some of the boys worth knowing; to give you a ringside seat at the old National Sporting Club; introduce you to a few fine old sportsmen, one or two crooks perhaps, but worth knowing if only because they were all part and parcel of the game.

There never was a sport wherein money was the big attraction that didn't have its choice bunch of crooks. Perhaps we can give you a thrill, a laugh or two here and there, but never the bellyache, we hope.

Big fights have been used to cover other operations, some quite open and above board, others not so. But the boxers were usually unaware of the fact that they were mere pawns.

"Jimmy White"

James White, one-time millionaire and former bricklayers' labourer, muscled in on the boxing game to serve as his introduction to high finance. Many old boxers have good reason to bless his name and spare a thought of sympathy for his sticky end. He died by his own hand in the depths of despair after his appeal to one who had benefited considerably from his friendship found a deaf ear. But that is the way of the world, though not all of it, thank goodness.

White is a whole story in himself, far he was indeed an extraordinary person, but I will confine myself to spinning a few yarns about him as he crops up in connection with boxing.

He was the first man to bring Georges Carpentier to this country, and although the fighter, through various circumstances, was a financial flop, he didn't allow the boxers to suffer. Indeed, in the end, he paid them more than they had contracted for, and I guess he made the swings pay for the roundabouts.

The reason for the flop was one of the big boxing stories of that period, but the whole story was never told.

It was in the days when Jack Johnson was king of the ring. It was also the heyday of Bombardier Billy Wells, who, thanks to the efforts of the pretty boys who used to write the gossip columns of those days, was glamourised into a box office personality of great magnitude.

What a gold mine this would be to bring the pair together in the ring! Thus thought James White, and he wasn't far wrong. It wasn't advisable from a purely sporting point of view, but the glitter of barrels of shekles dazzles the eye to such an extent that all else is lost to sight.

Disregarded advice

Against all well-meant advice from people who had the best interests of the game at heart, White went forward with his scheme to promote a fight between Johnson and Wells, and had gone to the extent of planning to charter special liners to bring would-be spectators from the United States.

But he reckoned without the opposition. He got it from all sides. There were mild and reasonable protests from the leading supporters of the ring, loud and bitter wails from the rival organisations that had failed to land such a money-spinner, and, cleverest stroke of all, the opposition approached a much-publicised cleric to stir up a campaign.

This reverend gentleman led the storm of protest to such effect that the result was proceedings at Bow Street to prevent the promotion taking place.

Only a bare half-dozen of us knew what a genuine stir might have been caused if the truth had leaked out.

Carpentier, who had made a big name for himself in his native France by this time, was to figure on the bill in the supporting contest. His opponent was Sid Burns, one of our best welter-weights.



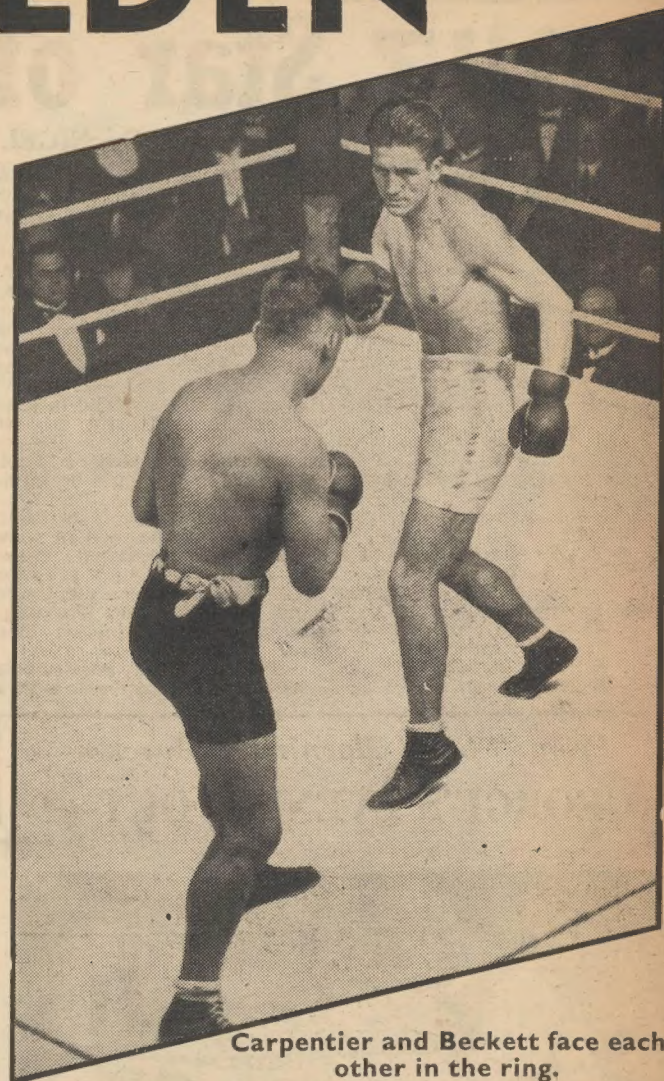
Bombardier Billy Wells.

When the main attraction was forbidden, White refused to abandon the show. He rearranged his bill and made Carpentier and Burns the top-liner. I will have some stories to tell of Carpentier; enough for the present to say that it was a grand fight, and the Frenchman got what, I thought, was a lucky decision.

Jack Johnson

Jack Johnson has only recently crept into the news. He wanted to stage a comeback to give exhibitions to the troops. There was a personality, if you like.

He dominated the fight scene for more than twenty years, packed up a parcel of money,



Carpentier and Beckett face each other in the ring.

spent it freely, brought storm after storm about his ears, and finished up in Sing-Sing for a quiet rest with plenty of time for contemplation.

A friend of mine who went to the States a short while back made a point of looking up Johnson just to see what sort of a bloke this stormcock of the past age was.

His verdict was that he is now a very interesting old gentleman. I knew him when he first came to London on his round-the-world trip in chase of Tommy Burns and the world's title. We of the boxing game went out of our way to give him every encouragement.

Napoleon Burns

Burns had already shaken the dust of London off his boots, and the dust he left behind was not too hallowed. His dictatorial manner had pleased none and he didn't leave a pleasant "Thank you" after cleaning up some nice easy money by knocking out all our heavy-weight-duds in a round or two.

Tommy Burns was certainly a personality of another kind. That he was great in his way must be conceded, and he was clever. He made enemies more readily than he made friends, but that never caused him to suffer any loss of sleep.

As not long ago I received a Christmas card from Burns bearing a U.S.A. stamp, I conclude that he is still very much alive, and when I use the past tense in referring to him it is only because he is no longer the Napoleon looking for fresh worlds to conquer.

Tommy, you must know, was nicknamed the "Napoleon of the ring." Noah Brusso is his real name, and he was born a French-Canadian. He had a distinct resemblance of Napoleon as we know by portraits of "Bony," particularly at the age of twenty-eight or thereabouts.

Perhaps this helped him to hypnotise himself into the belief that he really was another Bonaparte. In any event, if he managed to dodge the road to Moscow he found his Waterloo right enough.

I have had many a tilt at Tommy in the past, and, in truth, I can say that he might have felt fully justified in murdering me one dark night, but, although I did hand him out a nasty wallop in the solar plexus in the figurative sense at our last battle, it is obvious that he bears no malice—hence the Christmas card just referred to.

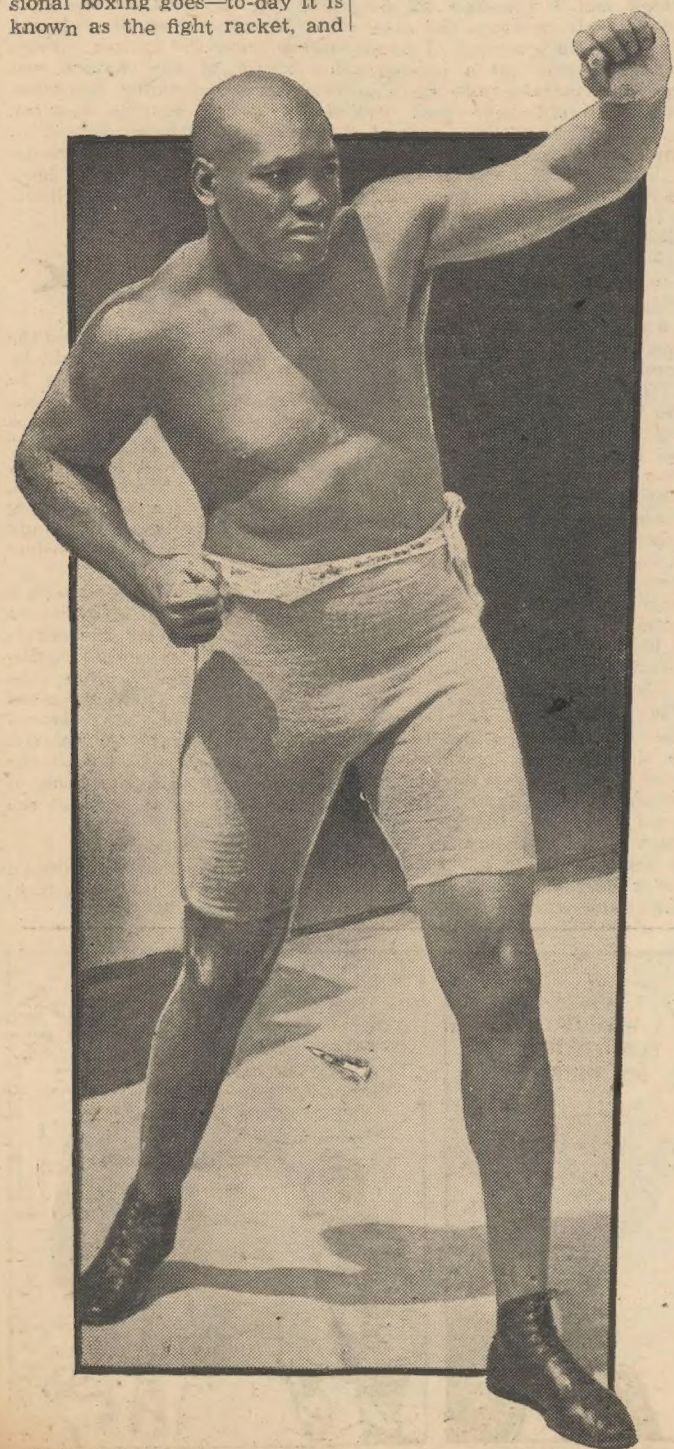
I mention this because I want to be scrupulously fair to great names which have been mud-bespattered for no better reason than that the owners refused to join the racketeers who battened on the game.

Tommy had the vilest "Press" in America of any fighter of my recollection. He wouldn't employ a manager and pay wads of money for brains that would conceivably have been inferior to his own. It might even be said that he was a better business man than he was a fighter, but he was a real fighter none the less.

The worst his detractors could say about him was that he was tight-fisted, but they said it with every variation an inventive mind could suggest.

I remember reading a particularly virulent pen picture of the champion, which could only have been printed in the United States.

The writer of it finished up by remarking that Burns had to send his wad of green-backs periodically to the laundry to get 'em pressed and ironed, and that he chose a Chinese laundry because it saved him a dime or two. The green eyes of the little yellow dogs can blaze fiercely at a safe distance.



Jack Johnson in his heyday—who wanted to stage a come-back at 65!

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. How many pennies weigh an ounce?
2. Whence do damsons get their name?
3. What is catgut?
4. One of these words does not appear in the Bible. Which is it? Destroyer, Trench, Crown, Anchor, Mine, Private, Helmet, Shoot, Mask, Target, Shun, Stripes.
5. What are the longest-lived animals in the world?
6. At what speed can a mackerel swim?
7. How does one say "Cheerio" in Polish?
8. What is the literal meaning of the word "Mikado"?
9. What is the substance called "Tripoli"?
10. What great painter designed a flying machine?
11. Who was Tusitala?
12. What is a pelerine?

3-minute Thriller

Star of Brazil

By NIGEL MORLAND

SIR CHARLES WREXHAM stood back from the door as his guests entered. It did not look like a room containing gems worth half a million. Somebody said so, but Sir Charles only smiled, locking the heavy door behind him. "This is where I keep the Wrexham Collection," He stared at the eight people in evening dress. "Too dull for you?" He turned to a stolid-looking woman, the celebrity of the evening. "And as a Deputy Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard, you should be interested, eh, Mrs. Pym?" He touched two switches. Hidden lights gleamed in some glass-topped specimen cases. The intrigued visitors crowded forward to study the display of gems. Young Frank Wrexham, son of the host, piloted Mrs. Pym round the show-cases. She was not particularly moved, but examined, with a

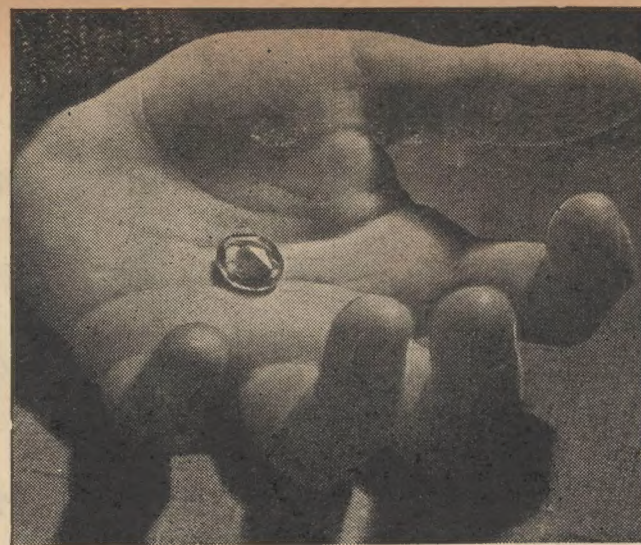
police officer's eye, the impressive strength of the room. Then Sir Charles brought out a diamond that glittered colourfully, the Star of Brazil, and reason for the dinner party.

It was passed from hand to hand with suitable gasps of surprise. They gathered round the host while he told the story of the stone's discovery.

"By the way," Sir Charles paused. "Who has the Star?" "The ensuing silence gradually became uncomfortable. The host grew impatient. "If it's a joke, we've been sufficiently amused. May I have it back, please?"

Guest looked at guest and the minutes passed. Sir Charles, with a rich man's intolerance, lost his temper.

"I'm sorry this should happen in my home. Ladies and gentlemen" — his face was grim — "I shall have to ask



you to submit yourselves to a search. When something like the Star vanishes, the matter is no longer one for the consideration of feelings."

The ladies turned their backs and Sir Charles searched the men, Mrs. Pym duplicating the action on her side of the room. In the end the now frantic host went over the jewel house inch by inch.

"There is one more chance,"

Mrs. Pym said, calmly taking charge. She lined the others at right-angles to the door. "By the way, I've discovered the Star's hiding - place!" She nodded, turning to Sir Charles. "It's not my business, but your son seems to be the one responsible."

When the guests had discreetly retired, she turned to the white-faced millionaire. (Solution on Page 3)

Figure These Out

The number 7 is heap big magic, and if you divide it into 999,999 you get the almost equally remarkable number 142857. Now look at this:—

142857 × 1 = 142857
× 2 = 285714
× 3 = 428571
× 4 = 571428
× 5 = 714285

All the same numbers, and all in the same order, but beginning with a different digit each time.

Add together these digits and they come to 27. Now divide each of the numbers in the right-hand column by 3, and you will find that the digits of all the answers add up to 27, too. Don't ask why!

And now try this. Place ten ha'pennies in a row, and then pick up one and put it on top of another, so as to "crown" it. But always remember that you must pass over two other ha'pennies before doing your "crowning." Carry on till there are no single ha'pennies left.

And here is the way of it. Place your coppers so:—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Place 4 upon 1, 7 upon 3, 5 upon 9, 2 upon 6, and 8 upon 10. Got it?

often saturated with a sulphurous smell from the smoking fissures. From there the view comprised a vast expanse of sea which on the north distinctly traced its horizon-line on the sky. At our feet lay fields of dazzling whiteness; over our heads, a pale azure free from mist. On the north lay the sun's disc, like a ball of fire, already sinking below the horizon. From the bosom of the waters rose hundreds of sparkling fountains. In the distance lay the Nautilus, like a cetacean asleep; behind us, on the south and east, an immense stretch of land, a chaotic heap of rocks and icebergs, the limits of which were not visible.



When Captain Nemo reached the top he carefully took its height by means of the barometer, for he would have to take it into consideration in taking his observation.

At a quarter to twelve the sun, then only seen by refraction, looked like a golden disc, shedding its last rays over these lands and seas which man had never before ploughed.

Captain Nemo provided with a reticulated glass which, by means of a mirror, corrected the refraction, watched the sun as it disappeared gradually below the horizon describing an elongated diagonal. I held the chronometer. My heart beat quickly. If the disappearance of half the disc coincided with the noon of the chronometer, we were at the Pole itself.

"Twelve!" I cried. "The South Pole!" answered Captain Nemo in a grave tone, Continued on Page 3.

From "Good Morning" Museum GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—9



"JUST as I thought," says George, when he gets back to those old-fashioned but comfortable bachelor apartments. "The fire nearly out. Wonder if I can brighten it up a bit. About time the landlady bought a new blower."

(Old English rotary fire-blower (1780). The wheel operates the fan inside.)

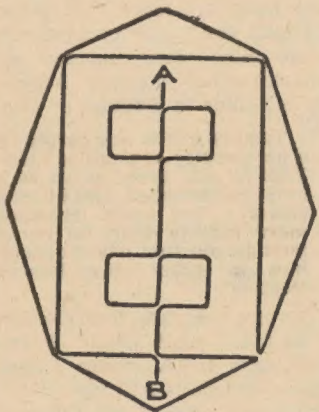
Answers to Quiz in No. 42

1. It was named after Dr. Fuchs, the botanist who discovered it.
2. "Cue" is the intruding word.
3. One inch.
4. 106 m.p.h.
5. A N.W. wind which blows down the valley of the Rhone in the South of France.
6. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, who invented bloomers.
7. Lord Raglan, who popularised a certain cut of overcoat.
8. A small, squirrel-like animal.
9. It was first minted in Florence.
10. "Whiskey" is the Irish variety; "Whisky" the Scotch.
11. Anthony Trollope, when Postmaster-General.
12. A Japanese nest-building fish.

"The heavens and the earth, the woods and the wayside, teem with instruction and knowledge to the curious and thoughtful." Hosea Ballou.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLES IN No. 42

One Long Line



Web of Figures: Horizontally the figures are: 9, 4, 7; 10 15; 6, 2, 1; 3, 8; 11; 5, 12.

"Great is wisdom; Infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man." Carlyle.

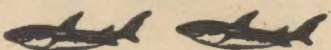
NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

AFTER having examined this city of walruses I thought of retracing my steps. It was eleven o'clock, and if Captain Nemo found he could take an observation I wished to be present at his operation. However, I hardly hoped that the sun would show itself that day; piled-up clouds on the horizon hid him from our sight. It seemed as if the jealous planet would not reveal to human beings the unavoidable point of the globe.

However, I thought of returning to the Nautilus. We were following a narrow track that ran up to the summit of the cliff. At half-past eleven we had reached the spot where we landed. The stranded boat had landed the captain. I perceived him standing on a block of basalt. His instruments were by him. His eyes were fixed on the northern horizon, above which the sun was describing his elongated curve.

I stood near him and waited without speaking. Twelve o'clock came, and, like the day before, the sun did not appear.



It was like fatality. We still wanted an observation. If it were not taken to-morrow we must definitely renounce taking our position.

In fact, we were at the 20th of March. The next day, the 21st, was the day of the equinox, and the refraction not counting, the sun would disappear below the horizon for six months, and with its disappearance

appearance the long Polar night would begin. Since the September equinox it had been above the northern horizon, rising by elongated spirals until the 21st of December. At that epoch, the summer solstice of these austral countries, it had begun to sink, and the next day it would shoot forth its last rays.

I communicated my observations and fears to Captain Nemo. "You are right, M. Aronnax," said he; "if to-morrow I do not obtain the height of the sun I cannot do it again for six months. But just because the chances of my navigation have brought me into these seas on the 21st of March, my point will be easy to take if the sun will reveal himself at noon."

"Why, captain?" "Because while the sun is describing such elongated curves it is difficult to take its exact height above the horizon, and the instruments are liable to commit grave errors."

"How shall you proceed, then?" "I shall only use my chronometer," answered Captain Nemo. "If to-morrow, the 21st of March, at noon, the sun's disc, allowing for refraction, is exactly cut by the northern horizon, it is because I am at the South Pole."

"That is certain," said I; "yet that affirmation is not mathematically rigorous, because the equinox does not necessarily begin at twelve o'clock."

JANE

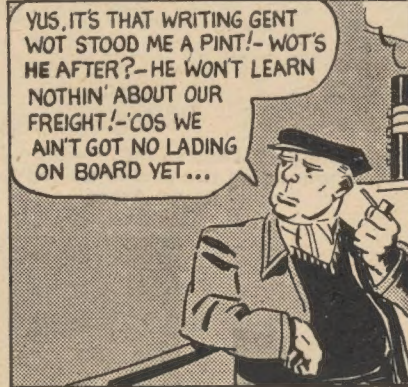
The mysterious stranger who has rescued Jane stops outside another lonely mountain chalet...



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

giving me the glass which showed the sun cut in exactly equal halves by the horizon.

At that moment Captain Nemo, resting his hand on my shoulders, said-

"I, Captain Nemo, on the 21st of March, 1868, have reached the South Pole on the 90th degree, and I take possession of this part of the globe, equal to the sixth part of known continents."

"In whose name, captain?"

"In my own, sir."

So saying, Captain Nemo unfurled a black flag, bearing an N in gold, quartered on its bunting. Then, turning towards the sun, whose last rays were lapping the horizon of the sea, he exclaimed-

"Adieu, sun! Disappear, thou radiant star! Rest beneath this free sea, and let a six months' night spread its darkness over my new domain!"

(Continued to-morrow)

They Say-What do you say?

U.S.A. AND U.K.

AMERICANS have never up to now had much occasion to follow closely, or indeed at all, the history of the British Empire between the creation of the United States and the present time. It is not surprising, when they retain the picture they last saw as the Redcoats disappear, discomfited, from their history books, in 1783 or after the war of 1812.

Mr. Douglas Woodruff.

BRITAIN UNDER THE PLOUGH.

THIS is the second time in our generation that the nation at great cost has brought back a large part of Britain under the plough. Only a steadfast public opinion can insist and assure that the folly of the years following 1918 is not repeated. We must strip ourselves of an exclusive urban-mindedness, recognise that the country is not primarily a holiday playground for the town-dweller, but that our material life-and more than material life-depends on continuous and reverent care of the soil. Henry Carter (W.C.1).

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								
12				13	14			
15				16			17	
		18	19			20		
21	22				23	24	25	
			26	27				
28	29		30			31	32	
33		34			35			
36				37				
38						39		

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fellow.
- 5 Register.
- 10 Find place of.
- 11 Assert.
- 12 Part of foot.
- 13 Few words.
- 15 Lengthen.
- 16 Drone.
- 17 Pull hard.
- 18 Lives.
- 21 Deal with.
- 23 Places of duty.
- 26 Soundless.
- 28 Head-covering.
- 30 Failure.
- 31 Small deer.
- 33 Charm.
- 35 Tailless bird.
- 36 Lake.
- 37 Number.
- 38 Trims with beak.
- 39 Headland.

Solution to Problem in No. 42.

MADE BRASS
LIMA DUENNA
ANENT CANAL
MINT FOREGO
BODEFUL X P
V P REMIT L
V P DECORUM
ABUSED PUCE
MOLAR SPREE
POSTAL LANK
STEEL FELT

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Customer.
- 2 Sound of horn.
- 3 Agree.
- 4 Ugh.
- 5 Ward off.
- 6 Vehicle.
- 7 Ellipse.
- 8 Issue.
- 9 Small remnant.
- 14 Assisted.
- 16 Happen.
- 19 Used to be.
- 20 Child.
- 22 Nomad.
- 24 Struggle.
- 25 Bundles of yarn.
- 27 Stringed instruments.
- 28 Be under canvas.
- 29 Unadulterated.
- 32 Is in debt.
- 34 Shelter.
- 35 Know.

Big Business of Buttons

By MAURICE BENSLEY

THERE is a shortage of buttons, not alone because imports are off, but because the milk-substitute products which are now easiest to supply are proving first-class fare for rats.

It is economically impossible to lock hundreds of ready-made suits in rat-proof containers; so, as fast as the buttons are sewn on, the rats chew them off.

On the morning after, hundreds of frayed cotton loops testify to the orgies of the night before. Merchants are organising special defence measures against the growing menace.

Fortunately, only a proportion—though large—of buttons are made from this material. Altogether, about 3,000 million buttons are used in Britain every year.

Normally, half the world's production was in Italy, where over 10,000 persons turned out 7,000,000 buttons daily. But increased present needs have led to a vastly heavier home production.

Ordinarily, apart from the metal and milk types, there are hosts of other materials—horn, bone, steel, copper, vegetable ivory, hard wood, mother-o'-pearl, silver, glass, even snail shell, tigers' teeth and elephants' toenails.

But the casein button, fashioned from a synthetic paste made from milk, is so easily moulded into any form that it can be made to represent almost any type, from horn and glass to jade and lizard skin, with hundreds of colour variations.

What of the years before men knew the article which they now handle a dozen times a day every day of their lives? Until some genius devised the button and loop, both men and women were slaves to draperies held together with brooch and pin. When buttons replaced these, only women and workers wore them. No "man of quality" would be seen using "those scandalous ornaments of the masses."

A few years later, the fellow who didn't wear as many buttons as he could lay hands on was strictly out of fashion. The whole sleeve would be buttoned, from wrist to elbow. The higher a man's station, the more and better buttons he wore.

Buttons, in fact, acquired such a bewildering variety that people began to grow tired of them. A sect arose, which humorists dubbed "The Hookers." These avoided buttons like the plague, and took to fastening their garments with hooks and eyes instead.

It was not fashion, but necessity, that placed a man's buttons on the right side of his coat, woman's on the left. And no fashion leader has ever seen fit to vary the custom.

A woman usually carried her baby in the crook of her left arm; her right was then free to button and unbutton her jacket. A man wore his sword scabbard on the left; to be quick on the draw, he unfastened his buttons with his left hand, while unsheathing his weapon with his right.

Another relic of "the days when men were men" and carried swords is the two buttons on the back of the tail-coat. The tails, when caught up on the buttons, made easy access to the sword belt as well as a convenience for riding. And the buttons that tailors still attach to sleeves were first put there to button back the cuff.

So diverse has been the range of button types that hundreds of people collect them—not only the ancient and the rare, but also the modern varieties, till lately turned out in such profusion.

A good collection can be worth hundreds of pounds.

King Louis XIV of France started it. And this leisured monarch was no ordinary collector; he had a perfect passion for buttons, accumulating several thousands. In a single year his hobby cost him £120,000.

As the result of this enlightening spotlight on the world's most useful commodity, you may yourself decide to start a collection to hand down to sons and grandsons.

Its value would be much enhanced a hundred years hence by including such present-day novelties as the black-out luminous button, and a specimen or two of the magic press buttons that have set in motion far-afeld wonders of electric and wireless science.

And don't forget to get hold of at least one specimen of those ordinary, but indispensable, buttons that have adorned the waistcoats of many a famous orator, to be fiddled with as an aid to lucid speech.

Solution to 3-minute Thriller

"Your son came prepared to rob you—you'll have to find out the reason for such a thing." She pointed to the strong-room door. "He brought a hollowed-out rubber door-stopper with him, for there isn't usually one here, is there? His eyes turned to it instinctively when I bluffed that the hiding-place was discovered. A door-stopper's something you'd never think of looking at, or noticing—a sort of mental blind spot. I expect your son would have removed the stone at some later date, when the fuss had died down. Simple, isn't it?"

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

On
the
banks
o' the
Dee

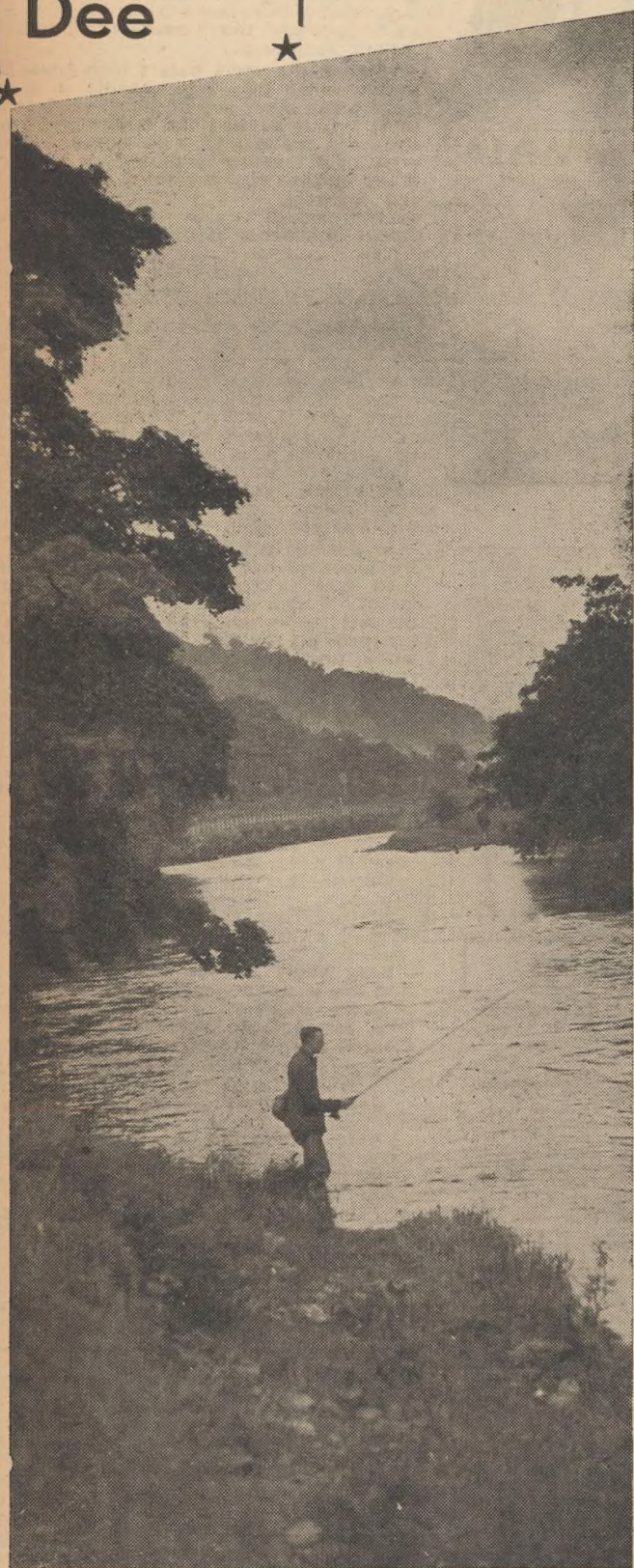
This is the Start—This is the Finish!



The gate has gone up. "They're off!"—and with a thunder of thudding hoofs they start pounding the turf in a hard fought race for the Cup at Royal Ascot



Their race is over for the season. For the summer months they have galloped round and round, carrying the kids and their aunts, the sailors and their sweethearts. Now they are dismantled for winter "stabling."



Some of the finest fishing, as well as some of the finest scenery in Britain is to be found in this North Wales valley of the Dee. This picture will recall to many submariners their native scenes, which await their return—their grandeur unspoiled, their beauty as beckoning as ever.

A NEW HIGH



This fluffy, frivolous, looking young lady often gets very tough. She frequently drinks with gangsters, and most of her time is spent in Honky Tonks and clip joints and she invariably packs a rod when she meets the boys. When Claire is not playing these tough parts at the Windmill Theatre she is a very sweet young lady. As a matter of fact, she is one of London's most popular sweethearts, and what is more she always replies to her many fans when they write. Six days a week Claire works at the theatre, and most Sundays she does a troop show in the country. "I prefer doing shows at Navy depots," she says, "because they are so much more friendly and appreciative."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I like a drop of something with a kick in it!"

